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One Corrupted Nightmare of Ones Death

Ever had an issue moving on or letting go of something? I felt scared and miserable for some time. It all began on December 18, 2004. It was the day of my 8th birthday party at my house in Bedminster, NJ. Just an average kid, having what seemed so pleasant at first, soon turned into a nightmare. My friends left at around 10:00pm, since it was a school night. My mom came down stairs and gave me some presents that she stored. She was 36 years old and was a successful plastic sergeant, which obviously meant we were rich. She’s very intelligent, and had a hobby to go fishing, but for some reason, despises tuna.

My mom asked, “Honey are you going to open your presents? This one, I’m sure you’ll like the most.” I have to admit, I’m very picky with gifts. I despise clothing as a gift, unless it doesn’t have some sort of average design on it, like having stripes or just a plain color. My favorite color is ,of course, blue, but either way I don’t want a plain blue shirt. I love to play video games and I would appreciate that the present I am about to open was a DS Lite. When I looked at the present it had my “Dad” written all over it. I was excited since my dad is an archeologist, he usually travels a lot. After an entire year of not seeing him, I was so happy he was arriving home tonight. The present was a locket which had a picture of my dad in it, almost making me cry.

It was 12:51 AM, and I was fast asleep. I heard a scream, and went running down the stairs. I saw my dad lying down on the ground holding a knife in his hand. I turned on the lights seeing most of his chest covered by blood, his face revealing part of his skull, his eyes literally cut nearly in half, his clothes ripped, and his legs and hands showing some parts of his bones.

I never expected this, and believed it was a cruel joke, or a terrible nightmare. It was all real, but why did this all happen? It was so sudden and why on the night right after my birthday. I blamed myself. For months I pressured him to arrive to my party, but he was too late. He killed himself because of me. The thoughts of him made me fall in a state of depression. Time past and in my mind, I began to feel alone. My mother tried to support me, but I rejected her love. What I did not know was that something sinister and hectic was watching over me in my years of depression.

I was already 14 years old, sitting in my room, starring at the moon. I heard the phone ring downstairs, and went fast to answer. It was my friend Kenny. Kenny said, “Matt we’re waiting outside for the party, keep moving.”

I said, “I told you I can’t go I have to study for a science test tomorrow, stop asking.” I hang up the phone, but in reality that wasn’t the reason I didn’t go. After my dad died, I just lost interest to hang out with friends. Always reminded of how great friends I and my dad were.

The next day was already the middle of the year. Kenny met up with me at language arts/reading. He looked upset at me for some reason. Kenny had said, “I asked Mr. Canon about our science test today, and you lied, there is no test today. Let me guess, it’s your father again. My parents are divorced, and you don’t see me ditching my friends for anything. This was the coolest party of the year and you couldn’t even go.”

I said “Knock it off, so I admit I haven’t been much of a friend, but can’t you understand Kenny?”

Kenny said, “No I don’t understand you at all Matt. You don’t ever even hang out with me anymore. So much of a friend you’re. You know what, how about we’re not friends anymore”

Ok and I admit that if it was a regular party, he got carried away, but I forgot to mention it was his 14th birthday party I had missed. Ever since the incident on my birthday party, I began to despise birthday parties, and practically any party for that matter. Whenever I go to a party, soon after I have terrible nightmares of my dad burning in ashes, and I’m tied in chains to be forced to watch it all night long till I wake up crying.

While walking home, I had a strange feeling that something was following me, but looking behind me, on and on, didn’t really help. I came home, and my mom offered to go out for ice cream. Instead I rejected her and went to my room. It was already 10:00 PM, and before I went to sleep, I opened up my cabinet picking up my dad’s locket. I put it on and fell asleep soon after. Later that night, I woke up in my room.

A shadow creeped out and formed a demonic ghost like creature made out of shadows. Before I could even say a word, out of its hand came out lightning. The lighting stroked me causing me to be knocked out unconscious. I fell of the bed bleeding all over my body, being captured by the creature.

I woke up in my bed, and it was midnight. I looked at my body, and it seemed as if I was never harmed. I went downstairs, and to my surprise I saw my father sitting in his chair next to the fire place. My father said, “Matt you’re awake, come here. Let’s have some supper my boy.”

I said, “You’re not my father, he is dead.

My father said, “Matt, the only person in this family that died, is your mother.” It was very obvious now that this was all a nightmare, and a very odd one.

He asked, “What would you like, turkey, chicken, steak, or double chocolate chip, hot fudge Sunday?”

I said, “I will try the ice cream.” He brought a table full of broken presents, bitter ice cream, and practically anything I would never want. I refused them all, so instead my father had brought out few game boards to play. I said, “You know what, I think I need to get some air and I appreciate all your special gifts.

My father said “Well there is plenty of air in the closet.” He opened up the closet and inside resembled the inside of an opera house. Hundreds of seats full of people and a stage. He showed me two seats right in the front of the audience. My dad said, “Happy 8th birthday son, I know you hate opera.

I said, “8th birthday? One, it’s not my birthday, and two, I’m 14 years old.”

My dad said, “Of course it’s your 8th birthday. Now let’s watch the play.” The play was about the boy who had an 8 year old birthday party. At the end of the party, his father was seen dyeing on the ground burning in flames being reduced to ash. Seeing the sight of the father dyeing in eternal pain, I ran out of the opera house crying my eyes out.

When leaving the opera house I entered a circus. I tried to get out but the cabinet door was locked. I was forced to watch the terrible performance, of a boy having his 8th birthday party. While the child’s father kills himself with a knife, and jumps into a ring of fire, and is whipped by the ringmaster. The performance was finally over after 3 hours, and the cabinet door was unlocked. I ran through seeing my father playing Monopoly on the table having a seat that’s says, “For Matt”, on it.

I ran out of the house into a forest nearby, to escape. I sat down on a rock, and I saw an average black cat, but with rupee eyes, walking up to me. The cat asked, “What’s wrong child, why do you seem so miserable.

I said, “It’s everything that’s been going on tonight, especially my father.”

The cat said, “Father, he is no father of anyone. He is only a devilish being disgraced from most people’s minds, for his sinister ways. Thantos the Wicked is his name. He is the God of misery and eternal despair. I suppose you’re under his spell.

I asked confused, “Why would he want to put me under his spell anyway.”

The cat said, “Simple, you’re full of sadness and regret. Unlike most Gods, Thantos maintains his immortality by eating the sadness from humans, or in other words your soul. Every night he requires one soul to devour to survive. He picks the child he finds is the most miserable, and enters their nightmare. When the night ends, he eats your soul.”

I said, “No pressure or anything, but it’s only a dream.”

The cat said, “This is no ordinary dream. Ever wonder why some people die in their sleep, well now you know.”

I asked, “If you’re telling the truth, then how do I stop Thantos?”

The cat said,” Do the impossible; turn the terrifying nightmare into a beautiful dream before the sun rises. If you succeed, Thantos shall die of the starvation, and you’ll live for at least another night.”

I said, “I don’t believe you, you’re just trying to frighten me.” I walked back to my house seeing the cat disappointed at me, walking away. I entered the house seeing my father waiting for me.

He said, “Matthew where have you been? I have been worried sick. If your mother would be alive, you would be punished for all the eternity.”

Thantos said, “Let me guess, that vermin opened his mouth to another human.”

I yelled, “Thantos don’t mess with me. You’re not my father.”

Thantos said, “Is that any way to talk to a God. No matter, you’ll die in only a few hours.”

I screamed, “Leave me alone Thantos, you’re just my subconscious, and I’ll just wake up in my bed like every day!”

Thantos said, “Want to bet on that child, lets prove your little theory.”

I said, “If you’re so determined that you’ll take my soul, then maybe you would be interested in a game.”

Thantos asked, “A game you say, what kind of game?”

I said, “The game is turning your nightmare into a dream of pure love and happiness, before I wake up. If I win, then you die from starvation of not having a soul to eat.

Thantos asked, “And if I win this game, which of course I will, what do I get.”

I said, “Then, I’ll let you take my soul, and you can continue taking the lives of others. But first you have to give me a clue on how to turn the nightmare into a dream.

Thantos said, “Very well, you see in each of the two miseries I gave you tonight lays a character that you had saw. They are two servants of mine and must be killed. Al though, killing them will not be enough. You must defeat one more, servant of my choosing, before the night ends, and no clues on who he is. After the death of each you’ll receive an orb. One of the orbs has your mother, your friend Kenny, and your father in them. After you receive them you’ll learn the error of your ways which led up to this nightmare.

I asked, “Very well, is it a deal?

Thantos said, “It’s a deal child, I love a little amusement.” Thantos disappeared with a blink of an eye when the deal was made, leaving me to question what his clue meant. I began to question myself if my life is really at risk. I realized that the miseries he meant were the opera, and the circus. I went to the opera house, seeing the background curtains are still up.

In the fire place on the stage, the shadow creature that attacked me on my bed came out. I was frightened by his appearance, and he fired lightning at me, from his hand. I got hit by the blast falling down. I saw a sand bag, and untied its rope. Another sand bag fell down on the creature. The bag opened and inside the bag was not sand but light. The shadow demon couldn’t stand the light and disintegrated leaving behind an orb. I picked it up and inside was my mother’s ghostly image. Al though I still didn’t realize what it meant

I went on into circus, finding the ringmaster on top of the elephant.

The ringmaster said, “Well look who we have here. Matt, I see you solved the troubles with your mother. Now, let’s see if your friend will be as easy.” The ringmaster tried to run me over while riding his elephant. The elephant revolted into a hideous rat, the only animal I despise. It chased me onto the ramp, where I led them through a fire ring that I jumped through.

The ringmaster wasn’t so fortunate. As crossing the fire ring, he burned into ashes along with his rat, leaving the orb behind with my friend Kenny in it. I realized what the orbs actually meant. The first one meant that I kept leaving my mother, and was to sad to even spend some time with her made her cry, which was wrong, after all she only wanted to support me. The thought of it caused part of my nightmare. The second orb meant that leaving my best friend to reside alone in despair was just cruel. I made him lose a friend and the thought of it created the second part of my nightmare. I let my dad’s death consume my life, and anyone I cared for. All I knew was that one orb was missing

I confronted Thantos and saw his true colors. He looked no more like my father, except for the clothing. He was a walking skeleton with blood bleeding all over his face. His eyes looked as if they were broken and cut out. He had four feet, and two of them looked as if they weren’t even connected. The clothes were torn all over. I remembered that my father actually looked like Thantos when I saw him dead. The thought of it almost made me cry, but I wouldn’t let a single tear fall out, and show to Thantos that I’m brave.

He said, “So you’re back, and alive, I see. You’re still in a fright, and in a nightmare. Well, it’s up to you on how to make things right. You only have so little time left.”

I looked around thinking what to do, who was the final servant. I saw the cat hiding on top of a cabinet. I asked, “What are you doing here?”

The cat answered, “Trying to save your life. There is no other servant; Thantos is what’s keeping this realm a nightmare. I am tired of him taking the lives of others, even though I’m his creation, I never agreed with his ways.”

Thantos heard us talking to each other and screamed, “Insolent creation, you’ll die along with the child!”

I screamed, “No, you won’t ever kill another person!” I threw the cat at his face, without even thinking. The cat began trying to scratch his broken eyes out, and succeeded. Afterwards, the entire room began falling apart, and the floor broke off revealing a dark void under it. I tripped Thantos as he screamed in pain, causing him to fall into the void under the floor. As he was falling down through the endless void, he burned into flames screaming, soon being reduced to ash.

I woke up in my bed excited to be alive. Under my pillow, I found the third orb, containing my father in it. I realized from it that I must move on, and not let my father’s death ruin my life, which was the final cause of the creation of my nightmare. I wished that I would be able to thank the cat for letting me finally kill Thantos, but I thought I would never see him again.

I went downstairs and hugged my mother, crying with tears of joy. She asked surprised, “Matt is something wrong?”

I said happily, “No, I’m just happy that you’re here, and I’m sorry for not telling you this more often.

My mother continued hugging me, but I realized my bus for school is going to leave in a few minutes, so I left. At school, I met up with Kenny and said, “I’m sorry for not treating you as a friend, since I was only thinking of my father’s death, and that I wasn’t thinking about anyone else, especially my best friend.”

Kenny said, “It’s ok, it’s my fault, that I didn’t even care about what you are going through.

I was happy that we remained friends, and when I went to bed my mom came wishing me good night. She saw the locket of my dad on the ground, which must have fell off when I fell on the ground. She decided to tell me a story of my father, and how he always loved me. I drifted off to sleep, dreaming of being with my father. I never actually knew why he had killed himself, but I knew he loved me, and that it wasn’t my fault. Before my dream ended, I saw the cat waving hello to me, and I thanked him for all his help.